

tub into the kitchen (or the woodshed in summer) and fill it with gallons of water pumped from the outdoor well. The water had been heated on the wood stove. When the bath had been taken, the water was emptied out of doors again. There was a drain pipe of sorts from the wooden kitchen sink, but for some reason bath water was never allowed to flow through it.

Andy's calls on Dora always followed the same routine. He came to the front door with downcast eyes, foot rubbing across the door mat, to ask in a scared little voice--"Is Dora in?"

I always went to the door if possible--and thought scornfully--"As if he didn't know!"

Dora, waiting expectantly in the front parlor, came at my call.

"Hello, Andy. It's nice out, we can sit on the porch," which they proceeded to do.

The "front parlor" had an enormous window looking out on the porch. Today "picture windows" are a commonplace in new buildings, but then it was decidedly an innovation. Guests who saw it for the first time always exclaimed with surprise and pleasure.

Directly facing this window, on the porch, was a long hammock, the kind that is hung high on the ends and sags to a deep hollow in the middle. Dora and Andy sat in the hammock, at first discreetly near the ends, but as they gently swung to and fro, the pair slipped down the incline closer and closer together until they were tightly wedged into the deepest hollow. It wasn't that they wanted to sit so close together (oh no?) but it was impossible to assume any other position in